

## THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER

VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR

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GEORGE B. TSCHUCK,

Treasurer.

Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me this 30th day of September, 1909.

M. P. WALKER,

(Notary Public.)

Subscribers leaving the city temporarily should have The Bee mailed to them. Address will be changed as often as requested.

Death is winning altogether too many of these mad motor car races.

Register next Tuesday, October 5, if you want to vote at the November election.

High flight with Wright gives delight, gasps the prince when he is safe alight.

Under the English ruling you can lead a suffragette to jail, but you can't make her eat.

Give the labor union folks one credit mark for calling off their proposed labor parade.

St. Louis has lived to be one hundred and like many another centenarian has smoked all her life.

Perhaps the man arrested in Portland was nervous for fear his camera would not take in all of Taft.

Lack of rubber bothers the auto makers. Lack of something that refuses to stretch bothers would-be auto owners.

King Edward, by carefully avoiding taking sides in the fight over the budget bill, proves himself a sport who knows when to hedge.

They are trying to induce the University of Copenhagen to waive its prior claim so that Cook can wave his proofs in Peary's face.

Berlin hotel waiters are trying to fix a scale of tips. Now let the hotel patrons get together and scale them down according to the waits.

Those scientists who report the discovery of water upon Mars have given the water-power grabbers an incentive for achieving inter-planetary transit.

Everyone must register anew for the coming election. Last year's registration does not hold good. Registration day is Tuesday, October 5.

Presumably the Stony Point monument erected to General Wayne is made of the rocks which, blistering his feet on the march, made Anthony mad.

Los Angeles and San Francisco are swapping their floating population by a steamboat war rate of \$1, and each town thinks itself the better off for the swap.

The New York Sun has on its hands a raging controversy to define a gentleman. Just to settle the matter, let us remark that a gentleman is any man who isn't a "gent."

And now the busybodies are gossiping over a cipher disclosing John Wesley's remote past, with the usual emphasis on the mote, which they seek to magnify into a beam.

Belin expects a thrill from the new American opera based on the lore of the Blackfoot Indians. On its native health it would not draw so well as the blackface comedians.

That Pittsburgh millionaire who has given \$250,000 anonymously to found a pension fund for school teachers is a modest and praiseworthy tribute to one of the worthiest and least appreciated branches of public service.

The thanks of playgoers are due to the crusade of managers against latecomers. Those who are seated in theaters when the curtain goes up are entitled to remain undisturbed till the curtain goes down. But then its so fashionable to come in late.

## Nonpartisanship.

Under the caption, "The Nebraska Election," Mr. Bryan's Commoner takes up individually the candidates for state offices running on the democratic ticket this fall and unconditionally endorses every one of them. It even swallows Judge Dean expressly because of his loyalty to party in his dissenting opinion in the so-called non-partisan judiciary case, and likewise gulps down the candidate who confesses to "corporate affiliations" without a word of objection.

In the eyes of the Commoner the ticket is a democratic ticket and the candidates are all democrats, and for that reason, if for no other, entitled to democratic votes. Not a word about the polite form of perjury which puts their names on the official ballot a second time as populists in order to purloin popular votes they could not otherwise get. Not a word, either, about the fake pretense of nonpartisanship concocted to fool republicans into voting the democratic ticket.

In other parts of the Commoner, discussing other subjects, much ado is being made about the binding force of party platforms and the sanctity of platform pledges. The platform put out by the democrats in Nebraska this year contains these words:

We urge all Nebraskans in voting for supreme judges and regents to lay aside party prejudice and ties. We hope no democrat will vote for a candidate for either of these offices merely because the candidate is a democrat.

We realize that this is a hard choice to put a democratic organ like Mr. Bryan's Commoner up against, but it has made the choice. Mr. Bryan and his paper propose to stick for every candidate who bears the democratic label, even though to do so they have to repudiate the democratic platform.

## Improving Country Life.

President Roosevelt's Country Life commission has been under the thoughtful consideration of sociologists long enough to bring out more practical and deliberate comment than that originally passed and one that is precision personified is issued by E. H. Libby, president of the Washington Conservation commission. In an analysis of the condition of the farmers in his section he finds ground for complaint of hasty consideration. Refuting Mr. Roosevelt's intimation that the farmers are poor organizers and are neglectful of co-operation, Mr. Libby quotes Secretary Wilson to show that more than one-half of our 6,100,000 farmers are represented in economic co-operation, such as cover agricultural insurance, creameries, cheese factories, selling, buying, warehousing, telephoning, irrigation, study, entertainment and the like. On the question of business Mr. Libby asserts that the farmer is as alert as the city man, and when it comes to pleasure he considers all Americans equally guilty. The city man plays in the farmer's work shop. The farmer goes to town for much of his recreation.

Isolation of homes, once the chief drawback to farm life, is gradually being cured through the decreasing size of farms, the introduction of the telephone and better roads. College professors and city-bred editors, comments Mr. Libby, can teach the farmers nothing unless they, too, live the life. As well, he adds, constitute a life life commission out of farmers.

After carefully reviewing the high level of education of the farming population and the thoroughness with which agricultural interests are looked after in legislatures and at Washington, Mr. Libby advises, from the viewpoint of one who has lived for many years among the farmers, that he can discover no valid reason for continuing the Roosevelt commission on the present plan.

"I can see good in the movement," he concludes, "if given truly national scope. Increase the national commission to twenty or more, men and women, composed mostly of educated farmers. Create a like commission in every state. Affiliate the organizations. Confine their studies to the betterment of rural social conditions. Hold annual meetings of all these several affiliated bodies. Let congress give the commission official standing. Make Prof. Bailey and his associates an executive committee to summarize the results." Only from digestion of these results Mr. Libby believes may some good be accomplished.

## Come On, Mr. Bailey.

The press report of the speech delivered at Fort Worth by Senator Bailey of Texas in response to Mr. Bryan's attacks upon him, among other things, says:

In answer to Mr. Bryan's declaration that he was seeking the election of a democratic congress, the senator asked why he came to Texas, where the delegation in congress is solidly democratic, and advised him to go to Nebraska and exert his influence. "If he will go there, I will come and help him."

By all means, Mr. Bailey, come on. Nebraska is just yawning for you. You say you will come to Nebraska to help make the next congressional delegation from this state solidly democratic. If Mr. Bryan will stay home and do likewise.

But why make your coming dependent upon what Mr. Bryan will do, Mr. Bryan's plans for foreign travel, and his lucrative lecture engagements, may make it impossible for him to devote all his time during the next campaign to Nebraska, but that should not stand in the way of any other patriotic democrat coming here to capture half the Nebraska delegation whose seats are still located on the republican side of the house.

The fact is that Mr. Bryan has been devoting much, if not all, to his time for many years to appeals to the people of Nebraska to send democrats to congress. At one time the whole delegation, but one, was democratic, but despite Mr. Bryan's continuous and persistent efforts it later became solidly republican notwithstanding the fact that two of the districts are normally fighting ground. And last year, with Mr. Bryan running for president and the democratic candidates playing the bunco game of pretending to be populists, the democrats won only two of the six districts away from the republicans.

So come on, Mr. Bailey, Bryan or no Bryan. Come on and contribute to the amenities of next year's Nebraska campaign.

Custom House Outrages.

The suit for damages brought by a New York merchant as a result of shocking personal indignities alleged to have been practiced by customs officers on his wife and children, on suspicion that they were concealing smuggled goods, has crystallized a rapidly growing indignation into clear and defined public hostility against the methods to which the United States subjects incoming passengers. Such coarse handling of people of refinement was one of the original factors in producing the conditions of custom house graft from which the administration is now bending its efforts to rid the service. It was pleasant for persons of means to slip a bribe to the inspectors than to be treated as no travelers are treated elsewhere outside of Russia. In the case concerning which suit has just been brought it is charged that the woman and children suspected were literally stripped of their clothing and rendered ill from the shame and shock, and when nothing dutiable was found they were curtly passed on without apology.

It is notorious that the New York custom house was for years the hotbed of graft, and the government is to be lauded for exercising its rights to wipe out the tremendous system of smuggling and corruption which had grown up there and collecting the vast revenues of which it has often been defrauded. But the personal rights of the individual should not be affronted. The matter of searching persons suspected of smuggling should not be conducted in any arbitrary fashion. Search of an individual ought to be conducted only as a last resort, and in every case the person under suspicion should be politely reported by the skeptical inspector to his superior officers, who should possess sufficient tact to handle each case with sound judgment and discretion.

Oklahoma's first experience with a big bank failure is being heralded by the champions of deposit guaranty as a vindication of the Oklahoma law. Possibly, but not so certain. The failure of a bank with \$3,000,000 in liabilities, of which \$750,000 is for state deposits and most of the rest for balances of other banks, all of whom are waiting for their money, cannot be a very severe test. On the other side the failure seems to support the argument that deposit guaranty encourages bank inflation and stimulates wild-cat banking.

During strike troubles whatever the police authorities do is bound to call down condemnation. If they succeed fairly well in suppressing lawlessness the strike sympathizers accuse them of serving the corporations, and whenever outbreaks occur the employers and their friends allege inefficiency. The only thing for the police to do is to perform their duty as law officers with common-sense judgment, and to the best of their ability, and rest content with self-satisfaction of knowing that this course is the right one.

The Lancaster county jail is characterized by the Lincoln Star as an uncouth den "rivaled only by the cave of horrors which disgraces Douglas county." Just speak for yourself. The Douglas county jail may be subject to improvement, but it is a brand new specially equipped building in temporary use awaiting the completion of the county jail in course of construction. Lincoln, and Lancaster county, could come to Omaha and get some good jail pointers.

Do not claim any unusual feat if you would avoid defamers. A Chicago professor who telegraphed the story of his thrilling descent into a living volcano crater is now being denounced as another Cook by an American missionary, whose mission is opposed to those who seek reputation at the volcano's mouth.

In the Commoner of September 24 a misplaced line resulted in an absurd error. Mr. Bryan's Commoner.

An error in Mr. Bryan's Commoner! Is it possible? Had not Mr. Bryan better cancel all those lecture dates that would take him away from the home office?

Mr. Bryan says that the democrats who favored tariff duties on raw materials are "dropping the mask." If all the democrats would drop the mask of pretended assent to the Denver platform Mr. Bryan would feel mighty lonesome.

Mrs. Stetson having dismissed the Scientists, the Scientists promptly dismiss Mrs. Stetson. If Homer nodded, why should not angels of grace occasionally flutter into other flocks?

American courts are to decide whether for naturalization purposes, a Turk is a white man. Will American evidence be admitted?

The crown prince whose royal auto was defeated in a race with the German stork, simply suffered an experience common to pebeian husbands.

In his merry game of beating father, the stork is a bird and respects no rank.

Boston and New York have locked horns to decide in which city Thackeray made his famous remark that swallowing a baby was like swallowing a baby. To what slight holds on fame these olden cities cling?

Charles W. Morse is again in control of the Hudson Navigation company and is fast getting into his old financial form. Wall Street just can't keep that child from paddling his boats upstream.

It costs \$2 fine to call a man a "Dutch mutt" over the telephone in New York. Yet Dutch mutterings were the first words along the line when New York was New Amsterdam.

The Tribune prints a list of twelve women whose combined wealth could purchase Chicago's entire real estate. What twelve women could be found to agree that it was a bargain?

Kimberly is rejoicing because diamonds are in demand once more. Of course, it's the season, with the American farmer bringing in his crops.

A Rude Jeer.

Cleveland Leader.

Proud boast of a western railroad: "We haven't killed a passenger in twelve months." When do you expect to start operating again?

Big Trade Opening.

St. Louis City Tribune.

A consular agent reports that India wants American windmills. Well, there are Cook and Peary and a bunch of chautauqua artists that could be spared.

A Strenuous Search.

Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"They are hurriedly searching the Magna Charta in London to see if there is anything in it that authorizes a jail official to feed a starving suffragette woman with a pump."

Boon to Business.

Philadelphia Ledger.

Express rates in Nebraska have been cut 25 per cent, and the law to this effect has been upheld by the supreme court. The companies are doing extra business now in expressing their feelings.

Union of Preachers.

Philadelphia Press.

President Taft has followed the example of ex-President Roosevelt and has preached a sermon. When Dr. Roosevelt returns from Africa he and Dr. Taft might resolve themselves into an eccumenical council.

Luck In Defeat.

Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Walter Wellman may study the pending controversy and congratulate himself on his good fortune in having his balloon burst at a time which rescued him from the task of having to defend his own veracity.

All Poppycock.

St. Louis City Journal.

The talk about General Grant as the presidential nominee of the prohibition party is poppycock. The prohibitionists are not going to choose as their national standard bearer a man who is in favor of restoring the army canteen.

## Around New York

Shippies on the Current of Life as Seen in the Great American Metropolis from Day to Day.

A novel innovation in legal practice in the criminal courts of New York has been started by Judge Malone. The judge announced his purpose to assign lawyers of first class ability to conduct the defense in charity cases. Three assignments were made to the law firm of Untermyer, Hornblower & Nichols. Mr. Untermyer will conduct the first case, that of a woman charged with murder in the first degree. "I shall certainly accept the assignment," said the lawyer. "I can conceive of no higher nor more important professional duty, and it never occurred to me for a moment to try to evade it. It is a mistake to suppose that the busy men of the bar are so absorbed in the defense of private interests that they have become callous to their sworn duty as lawyers. If the criminal bar of this city is in a shocking condition we lawyers are to blame. It is only with us, and principally in New York City, that the flower of the bar has been drawn away from the higher sphere of advocacy by the temptation of money, to become highly paid clerks to financiers and to often to assist them in 'keeping prayerfully within the law.'"

Pinkus Emanuel of No. 273 Madison street, New York, is not a self-confessed gourmand, but he has certain eating proclivities and digestive powers of which he is proud, and, more, he is willing to stake a little coin of the realm with those Doubting Thomases who dare challenge the capacity of his food dispensation.

A Roman Catholic priest takes at his ordination a solemn vow never to reveal anything told him in confession, and on more than one occasion priests have undergone extreme legal penalties because of their refusal to reveal such information. No such vow is, of course, exacted from a penitent. Catholics are advised not to "discuss" their confessions or the advice given by their confessor, but they are not taught that to do so would constitute even a serious sin.

The attorney in the New Bedford case, in pleading that the advice given by his client was privileged, must have made his plea on the ground that communications between a confessor and a penitent were entitled to the same "privilege" as those between a lawyer and his client, or a doctor and his patient, but not on the ground that for the penitent to reveal what had been said to her violated any obligation imposed upon her by her church. Had the court demanded of the confessor, however, the information given him by his penitent the situation would have been exactly reversed and, whatever the decision of the court, the priest would have still been bound by his oath of ordination.

LEARNING FROM THE WEST.

Easterners Getting Information from President Taft's Trip.

Denver Republican.

It requires something like a presidential tour to jolt the self-complacent east out of its habitual indifference to whatever may be doing in the west. But this jolt has been given, and the whole east—except New York, just now busy with its Hudson-Fulton celebration—is watching President Taft's movements and reading what he says.

The east is learning a valuable lesson about the west. It is discovering that about the west. It is discovering that there is a country beyond the Missouri river, and that upon its development depends in no small degree the future of the whole nation. From what the president says in his speeches it is finding out that there are possibilities of development in this region undreamed of by the average man of the east, who does not know whether Denver or Salt Lake City is the farthest west.

President Taft will have something to say in his annual message about these possibilities and they will become subjects of consideration and debate in congress. Thus, not the east alone, but the whole world will learn that there is a west, and that it is growing with a rapidity which will have it an equal partner in the increase of voting strength in the near future.

Better still, it will be learned that no more inviting prospects please the fancy or excites the hopes of peace-seekers; and that in the fertile valleys and under the clear skies of this distant part of the national domain, millions of people will build happy homes and do their part in promoting the prosperity and maintaining the prestige of the country as a whole.

NAVAL LEADERSHIP.

American Designers Several Laps in the Rear.

New York Evening Post.

If the naval display in the Hudson river should succeed in stimulating our naval constructors to endeavor to be up-to-date in their plans the celebration will have worked at least one miracle. The presence of a cruiser-battleship superior to our latest battleship in speed and fighting powers must make a sensitive naval mind wriggle. Our two latest battleships, the Michigan and North Carolina, were obsolete when launched. They are admittedly inferior to the Dreadnaught yet the Dreadnaught has surpassed in the British navy by a whole group of improved vessels. Last week there was much ado because our latest destroyer, the Smith, planned for only twenty-eight knots, made thirty-two on its trial trip. But at the same time the newest British destroyer, the Swift, earned its title by logging its required speed of thirty-six knots and more besides. Similarly, the Navy department has followed where others have led in scout cruisers; turbines, submarines and in many other branches. Hence, we are sorry to read this morning that the new fire-control towers on our battleships have been so adversely commented on as to stop work on the erection of any more. Here, at least, we were in the lead; for our Navy department had an original idea. Now we are being taken away from us by the practical men of our own service.

How Did the Race Survive?

San Francisco Chronicle.

Satan is to banish evil from the schools of Sacramento on the ground that they are unsanitary. Philadelphia physicians are warring on the bath tub, averring that such appliances are merely lurking places for deadly germs; the government chemists are lifting up their voices against the use of all kinds of foodstuffs whose method of preservation does not meet their views, and there is a general attack all along the line against well established practices whose harmfulness was never before suspected, but which are now pronounced extremely injurious. Meanwhile those who are making all the fuss refuse to consult the tables of mortality prepared by the insurance companies which show that in spite of our carelessness in dietary and other matters human longevity is increasing year after year.

Freight Agents Have the Floor.

Wall Street Journal.

Wonder if there is any connection between the reported absence of fatalities by three trunk lines and the proposed advance of 20 per cent in freight rates on gravestones?

## SECRECY OF CONFESSORIAL.

Misleading Phraseology of a Recent Dispatch.

New York Tribune.

"The secrecy that has surrounded the Roman Catholic confessional was violated here today," says a dispatch from New Bedford, Mass., which goes on to relate that the attorney for a Catholic priest, the confessor, had pleaded the secrecy of the confessional as a bar to demanding from a woman, a penitent of the defendant, information as to the character of the advice given her by the priest. The judge decided that the advice was not "privileged," and the woman testified that her confessor had advised her that a civil marriage was not valid, and instructed her at once to have a marriage ceremony performed by a priest. It is not our purpose to discuss the decision of the judge, which appears to have been entirely in accordance with the Massachusetts law, but we may properly call attention to the somewhat misleading phraseology of the dispatch.

"The secrecy of the Roman Catholic confessional," as the phrase is generally used and, we think, popularly understood, does not refer to the advice given by a priest to his penitent, but to the information conveyed by the penitent to the confessor and the inviolability which attaches to such information in so far as the confessor is concerned. It is, probably, no exaggeration to assert that the average person reading only the headlines or the first sentence of the dispatch, referred to above, would assume, and naturally, that a priest had revealed some part at least of the confession of a penitent. It has long been the boast of Catholics, clergy and laity alike, that there is no authenticated instance of such a revelation, and it is probable, therefore, that in so far as it conveyed such an impression the dispatch was offensive to Catholics.

A young woman who has left society for the stage says the average drawing room is a marriage market. Perhaps this is true. However, a handsome young woman anxious to get out of range of possible investors would hardly select the glare of the footlights in place of hide.

Prophets of various grades, small and large, are expiring and knocking the days. Things fall to happen as they think they should. A lambasted British general has been credited with the sage remark, "Don't prophesy unless you know."

TOUCHING A TENDER SPOT.

Thoughts Awakened by Starting the Furnace Fire.

Cleveland Plain Dealer.

When the fireplace and the open faced stove gave way to the furnace some of the pleasures of life passed with them—and some of the discomforts. Hospitality is said by some to have declined with the popularity of the open fire. There is no poetry in a hot air register or a steam radiator.

Yet even a furnace fire has a certain undoubted home giving quality. Even though the fire is buried under sight and sound in the depths of the basement it has a certain quality that adds to the comfort of life. It is not a matter of temperature, but of feeling.

So in these waning September days, which end for a bit of fire, one may particularly console himself by thinking that the coming of cool weather means also the advent of the period of greatest home enjoyment. Fall and winter are the times when home means most to parents and children, when they gather around the library table in the evening to discuss the events of the day and plan, as parents and children do, for the events of the morrow. The boys and girls have just entered school for forty weeks of study and development; they have plenty of things to talk over and discuss.

And this family thrives better in the days of cool weather—the days of the furnace fire—than when doors and windows are open and the front porch beckons irresistibly. It takes a fire in the house to make it a home in this climate. It takes closed portals with the privacy they afford.

The passing of the summer has its compensations, not the least among them being this renewal of family life signified by the starting of the furnace fire.

PASSING PLEASANTRIES.

"Orlando, you mustn't put your arm around my waist."

"Why, Gloriana, it's been there for half an hour."

"Well, I didn't notice it till just now."—Chicago Tribune.

Wynne—Do you ever get things you want by weeping? I do.

Mrs. Wynne—No. My dear, with my husband I never weep, but I don't want their salt.—Boston Transcript.

Town Marshal—Ye can't get a drink under any circumstances in this town. Stranger (fingerling a roll of bills).—Well, I suppose you'll have to let me go.

Town Marshal (lowering voice).—Then, say—I'll make the commissions \$2 just to accommodate ye.—Punch.

Dr. Dryadust—My dear sir, I have noticed you at the front door for the last few weeks, but you are a stranger to me. Have you just joined us?

Stranger—Yes, I have come on the advice of my doctor, who is treating me for insomnia, and who is a member of your congregation Baltimore American.

"Poor Columbus died in poverty," said the sympathetic citizen.

"It was his own fault," answered the explorer. "Before he started in discovering things he neglected making proper arrangements with publishers."—Washington Star.

Friend—What on earth are you doing to that painting of yours?

Daubner—Can't you see? I'm rubbing a pound of meat over the rabbit in the foreground. Mrs. Albshouse will be here today. I want her to see my dog sniff at that rabbit, shall I buy it?—Judge.

"Algy, did you call on Miss Peachley last evening, as you intended?"

"I went as far as the front door, dear boy, but I was so thoroughly drenched by a sudden storm that had come up that I merely asked the maid to bring me a rain check and came away."—Chicago Tribune.

"Move on," said the policeman.

"You can't walk over me," snarled the suspicious citizen.

"Can't eh," rejoined the policeman. "I've walked over many a beat in my time."—Philadelphia Ledger.

"All writers are not impractical, are they?"

"Oh, no. One man will write a joke and sell it for 50 cents. Another will write a comedy and sell it for \$200,000 in royalties."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

THE ALMIGHTY DOLLAR.

Springfield Republican.

The homely proverb says, you know, "It's money makes the old mare go." Get it, by fair means if you can; if not, well, try another plan. The useful thing in life is brief span is money; get it, fellow-man.

Get it in silver or in gold. In stock or bonds, both new and old. In oil, in wheat, in any of the things that are grinding that comes to hand. Get money, fairly, if you can. But get it somehow, greedy man.

Cash in your politics, your friends. Make your religion serve your ends. You cheat the church, you're smart and sly.

You meddle with living life. You get money in any way you can. Gold is your God—idolatrous man!

Heed not the hard pressed poor man's prayer.

"Business is business"—no sentiment there. The bitter cry you must not seek. The money that is grinding that comes to hand. Get money, by any means, if you can. Though the blood sweat starts on your forehead man.

Of it—won't you have a store, And still are reaching out for more. When a gruesome guest (unbidden he) With chilling touch, says "Come with me." The money that is grinding that comes to hand. As the unit of value where you must go.

The curious ones will eagerly say, "How much did he leave, who died today?" An echo comes back from the funeral parlor. "How much did he leave, who died today?" He got money, he cared not how. His money is here. Where is he now?